THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1269.

Original Sonnetts.

SONNET.

A Glance at the Fields Before Harvest.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE LAYMAN BARD.

The hills are rife with beauty, and the vale
Are sweetly nodding now their golden plumes,
The healthful breeze is playing, and vegetive
Delightfully seems in rare perfumes.
At though full weary of its rapid flight,
The morning sun has paused amid the flowers,
And now salutes the clusters formed thus bright
By genial sunshine and refreshing showers.
The happy husbandmen with hearty smile
And fair hopes bounding from joy-ridden eyes
Behold with grateful heart and mingled pride
Earth's fruitful labors, and his pleasing prize.
Commend not, gentle reader from the veil
And vesture of his care and toil!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SONNET.

Prayer for the Sabbath Morn.

Oh! thou Divine, Eternal One, who art
Invisible, Invincible, and Just,
Unto whose throne we call in this earth thine own,
In which we live, and breathe, and must yet,
Oh! from thy seeing incense to each heart;
Let on the day, thine own for holy rest,
Dear to thy prayers to be forever blest
Permit us on this more new hopes to start,
Unmoved by gain or loss, the strongest prize
Of thy high calling—of a place in heaven.
Bless us, and aid us, while our spirit rise
To ward off sin, and be the past forgiven!
May honor, glory, power be thine, and mine,
For life's a matter, dare heaven be sure, Amen!
Pittsburg, Oct. 18th, 1845. S. T.

THE WISH OF THE DYING SAILOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I would that my grave were dug in the rocks
On the shore of the dark blue sea,
Where the sailor's grave the sea-bird mocks,
I will there, that ye bury me.

Oh! the rocks stand out of some sea-girt Isle,
Where breakers are bearing high,
And the white Cape sings as it laves the while,
And tosses the spray to the sky.

Oh there and alone where the white cape clay
On its cold and desert shore,
And the clear shrill notes of the Curlews lay
In crowds it in the sea-wave's roar.

Oh there! where the Eagle alone shall hover,
Unthinking my own loved sea,
Let the fish and the sea-fowl coast o'er the waters
Unconscious sweet music for me.
Allentown, Oct. 18, 1845. H. C. L.

Original Tales.

EVA ALLEN.

A Tale of Woman's Heart.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

Mr. Edward Allen was a merchant in the rich and magnificent capital of old Massachusetts. He was wealthy and fashionable, and prosecuted in accordance with the habits of the times, the trade of independence until, at his forty-seventh year, he found himself possessed of a princely fortune, and an unpretending girl of nineteen, the only child of a widow of limited means. He married and received with his bride a portion of her mother's wealth, and so far as the world could see, he had every thing that could be enjoyed more of real happiness than during all his previous life. But his wife whose health was ever delicate, and whose mind was feeble, she removed at the birth of her only child, a sweet little girl, who filled Mr. Allen with a father's proud happiness as it lay upon its mother's bosom. But when the little Eva was nine years of age, she was cut motherless. Mr. Allen in the bitterness of his grief, had surrendered to office his whole mind—the healthful leisure seemed utterly broken. She had no friend on earth, no mother, and hence, he loved and cherished by the affectionate spirit which felt the approaching separation and so lavished the tenderness which could not find enjoyment.

Eva drooped beneath the cold desolation at her little heart and her father agonizing for her amidst his own loneliness, brought to his home as Mrs. Allen—the widow of his only brother who had been a profligate, and died an outcast—a death. Mrs. Allen was left with two children, two boys and a girl. The boys were grovelled for, the girl, whose name was Ellen, was of the same age with her cousin Eva, and the mother of Ellen was dead, and she was a companion for his little mourner.

Ellen was a beautiful child—girls that utter the similarity of person and character which by precluding comparison, shuts out envy or emulation, and so finds enough of love to secure the shrine of friendship. Eva was like her mother of rather too luptuous person, with light locks curling hair fair complexion, and features that the shrewd resemblance of her father could not find fault with. Ellen had liquid blue which till the soul that gazes into them with a sense of exactness. The lids lay heavily on the cheek and half veiled the orbs of tender languor, and the habitual language of the blue eyes was a pleading for sympathy and affection, which her spirit was stirred by emotion, or animated by conversation they flashed and dazzled with unexpected and brilliant light and glory, bewildering and surprising the beholder.

Ellen was a tall slender child of dark but brilliant complexion; her hair was soft and smooth and black as midnight, and her eyes dark, deep and dreamy, but capable of expressing all the strong and fervent passions. Her character had been formed in the midst of strife and suffering, while Eva had been brooded beneath the soft wing of holy love.

Thus were the cousins fitted for companionship for as in music the most instruments skilfully attuned may make delightful harmony, while two of the same kind can hardly be brought to chord exactly, so it is with disposition.

The young girls soon became strongly attached to each other. Eva clung to her cousin, because she was so unlike herself, and Ellen loved her from her nature. She must love, and be loved. Ellen loved from sympathy, and because she found her affections returned. Eva was a child of strong impulses and these so fearful of giving offence or causing pain.

Thus four years passed away, and then Mr. Allen was smitten with the fever and died. The West seemed to be his dream by day and his night, and to the West he and his family would remove. Mr. Allen utterly refused to accompany him, so sadly her daughter to leave her.

The preparations for the young ladies was heart rending, and Eva was borne fainting to the carriage from the scene of her half frantic friend. The would wonderful that Mr. and Mrs. Allen should separate in such a manner, but rumor said that Mrs. Allen aspired to the hand of her brother-in-law, who spoke to her of love, and calculated on her conduct as mistress of his house, studied on her country exile to escape her compunctions. So his ex-it may, she gave him depart with eternal gravity—and a few months after accepted the hand of a widower younger than herself, and who brought her beside abundance of wealth a large family of small children.

Mr. Allen made his new home in one of the most delightful sections of the then unsettled West. He was rich, and employed many laborers, in building, clearing land, fencing, and making other improvements, so that in a short time there arose quite a little village at a short distance from the original mansion, inhabited by persons in his employ, who were, indeed, his superintendence, made the widower loss to blossom as the rose. The soil was in which he dwelt was, for its exceeding loveliness, named Paradise. Of this paradise Eva was the angel, a creature of beauty, admired, worshipped by all her father's dependents, but whom no one dared address familiarly. Her father's housekeeper was a Scotsman widow of the West, who felt a sovereign contempt for what she termed the poor baby city lassie, who appeared to her to be proud, pensive, and too helpless to live without servants. Eva, of course, received of her mother sympathy and love, and she had not her cheerful mind. The cruel of the tempter was broken, she threw the deathful plant from her, sunk upon her knees and wept upon the earth, and the moonlight showed both her face and her heart, and the deadly weed and was grasping it with a wild feeling of delight, as if all joy was now for ever. But the revulsion was terrible. She felt herself a murderess—a treacherous murderer, and then the dark spirit began to tempt her to despair and death, and so avenge her injured friend and end her own misery. Just then a sweet bird from the bushes in the garden, and the cheerful sound

on the cold pavement, with the high altar and cross before him, but no priest to shrive him. Stifling in pride the emotions that clutched his very sighs, he strung every nerve for the slow death he must meet.

At length the opening was declared large enough and he was lifted into it. The workman began at the feet, and with his mortar and trowel, built up with the same carelessness he would exhibit in filling up any broken wall. The successful enemy stood leaning on his sword—a smile of scorn and revenge on his features, and watched the face of the man he hated. Ah! it was a will effort that enabled him to refrain grace for glance, and scorn for scorn, when one the conquered and the other the victorious fee! It was slow work filling the pieces neatly so as to close the aperture with precision. The tinkling of the trowel on the edges of the stones, as it broke off here and there a particle to make them match, was like the sound of a hammer on the excited nerves of the half buried wretch.

At length the solid wall rose even his chest, expressing its efforts to lift with the breath, then a stifled groan for the first time escaped the sufferer's lips, and a shudder ran through his frame that threatened to shake the solid mass that enclosed it to pieces. Yet up went the stones work till it reached the mouth, and then fragment was jammed into the teeth, and fastened there with the mortar—and still, not nothing but the pale fellow's forehead was visible in the opening—the trowel passed smoothly over it,—a stifled groan, as if from the very depths of hell, and the victim was shiver and all was over. The agony had passed—revenge was satiated, and a secret locked up for the great revelation day.

Years rolled by, one after another of the most drawn dropped into the grave and the memory of the sinning man rose from the earth. Years went by, and by, till this strong frame shall step out from his narrow enclosure upon the pavement a living man.

Absorbed in the reflections each night anxiously awakened, I rode on for a long time unconscious of what scenes around me, and of the presence of the Arno on my way through the valley. But other objects at length crowded off the shadow that was on the spirit, the dark scene swept away, and at last after ascending a long and weary mountain, Florence with its gorgeous dome, and the whole vale of Arno, rich as a garden, lay before us. Pearly smiling peasants and vine-covered cottages, we trotted into the valley and entered the city.

United States SATURDAY POST

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SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO

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TERMS.

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OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The weather still continues mild and autumnal. Saturday a cloud was seen on the lone sky; the air balmy and from the south, and the light haze thickenings to the horizon, morning and evening reminded by nominally, leaving the heavens of golden purple tints. It is the Indian Summer. Nineteen in Italy are the skies more delicious! Americus who on the two transit annual, receives the justice to the beauties of our autumnal weather, when compared with that of Rome or Naples, the truth is that we can enjoy the climate of the Mediterranean are derived principally from English writers, whose raw climate is so rainy that for eight or nine months out of the twelve thrown them into raptures. Now the standard of our Indian Summer are very similar to what poets have called the golden firmament of Italy. The thin purple haze in respect which we see into the translate at home becomes less. But even Italy has no such summers as we realize every year, when the horizon is as a glow with gold purple green and crimson.

The winter will probably be late this year. In that vacuity the water-courses are comparatively empty, and the Indian would tell us that "cold weather comes till the streams are full, is well known to be true, at least when applied to the section of the country. At all events, winter undertakes an approaching winter have made their appearance those has fallen heavily among the mountains where the snow-line is more or less variable. Along the sea board, on the lakes and in the intervale. We may daily expect more unpleasant weather, though we have not write the fire is out the windows up, and a south-west breeze, balmy as in month of summer fills the room with the vapors of the orange trees among which if chilled by the yesterday!

Congress will assemble on Monday week, and already speculation is insatiated as to the tone of the President's Message. The members are flocking to Washington from all the way many private several seats have been appropriated in the Hall of the House of Representatives. The session will probably be one of the most interesting that has been called for years. Both Senator and Cabinet, it is said, will return to the Senate if no state will be found for vacancy in the upper body. The House of Representatives, also we understand, contains an unusually large amount of talent and experience.

In our city the lectures-system has been revived to an strong extent, and the Mercantile Library Company has secured several able men for their course of lectures. One reason why this mode of popular instruction became expensive, a year or two ago, was that the lecturers, instead of imparting what was really new to their hearers generally gave a different one in some season out or out of history, the facts of which were as well known to their hearers as to themselves. It was therefore not to be supposed that an audience could be interested in listing to a lecture in which there was nothing original but the style. That people was willing to attend really instructive lectures was evident from the crowds who thronged to hear the Rev. Mr. Dewey, a preacher that had such attraction by those whose religious views differed from his own. If a society pay fifty dollars for a lecture to be delivered before it the society should get for his substance the worth of their money or not take the gold.

Our paper this week contains an admirable original story by Mrs Linda Jane Rae, entitled the legend of the Revolution, by James H. Dana, Esq. another letter from Mr. Tavner the poetic poet of "the Father of Waters," and a number of the fourth page of everything that will interest the general reader. We give on the whole several valuable articles as well as the usual variety. In the first report of Dr. Ludlow's lecture, we are partially indebted to a correspondent.

INSECT IN WHEAT.

An insect has appeared in Iowa, which has done great mischief among the wheat. The insect, called the Hessian fly, or Baffalo gnat, is a four winged fly, appearance in a small knot a bug on the surface of the ground, and on some fasten the surface the same. Some lay eggs in the stalk of the wheat, and on others they attach to the leaves. The eggs are so small as though every grain of wheat was covering. Some in a few days after they are laid hatch, and they climb upon the stem, wheat or whatever grows, being in the same way and from there into a small fly, about half the size of a house fly, and with the exception that the body of the grub, until it is fully grown, is of a dirty white color. The insect is of no use ever how much a bug or fly is either. It fattens the magnanimity of all to kill only a maggot. Nothwithstanding we have a friend who says he could feed some hard terrapin, if so as soon as he can in and warms them, they go to their work of destruction until spring. They only eat the wheat when it is above ground, but kill it at the roots. It does increase enormously so they leave the they multiply every thing before them.

COTTON PRESS.

The Vicksburg Sentinel says that Mayor Gossage, ferry, of that place, has invented a new press which for power, simplicity and speed, is said to surpass any in use. Without the aid of any horse power, the hand employed in filling the bales, can press two bales at once, in less time than one can be pressed on the ordinary presses.

THE FRENCH NOVELS.

We are called on, almost daily, to notice the appearance of some new novel, with an en espagnon dem title, and a flaring picture, to be sold, as the cover says, "at the extremely low price of one shilling." The names of these fictions alone ought to keep them out of every decent household. All the eloquence of slang is exhausted to find them patronage. They boast sagacious notices to tickle the ears of kitchen maids, or scraggy in ready titles to attract the patronage of ragbag boys. We have The Rose Bush Lover," side by side with "The Pirate's Death Head," or "The Orphan Seamstress," in juxtaposition with The Governor's Daughter." Most of these fictions emanate from the press of Boston. Such as are not positively abominations are contemptible. We cannot but wonder that the country affords so many fools to write, and so many dunces to read these contemptible effusions. They should be indicted as "public cheats." They are mere echoes of the French novels, with little of their refinement and none of their genius.

To the French novels, however, we attribute the origin of these paltry catch-pennies. As feeble imitations of them they are tolerable. The Mysteries of Paris, whose taste, depraved by the perusal of Parisian fictions, and no longer able to feed on wholesome stuff, digs in the mire for garbage. A terrible curse has that man been to this country, who first introduced these nuisances of literature. The character of religion—every parent anxious to keep his children from contamination—every patriot and philanthropist should be the virtuous indignation. Paris is the only safe-guard of our liberties,—must have deplored the extent to which these novels have corrupted the public taste. In the village of Paris when they began to be sown, broad-cast through the land. We speak not now of those disgusting books which are sold openly in the street and in the depraved, but of others which with subtle eloquence not under the pretence of exposing vice, introduce it to the notice of the young, and familiarize it to sin. Purity is the sentinel at the gate of virtue Silence at and the way to ruin is delineated. As meretricious charms, half-veiled, are more alluring than when shamelessly exposed, so the Parisian fiction is more dangerous than the avowedly debauched. As meretricious charms, half-veiled, are more alluring than when shamelessly exposed, so the Parisian fiction is more dangerous than the avowedly debauched. Its deformity concealed by eloquence, is worse than the most licentious novel. We are glad, however, to see that the daily press is awakening to this loathsome and insidious evil, and we cannot do better than close with an extract from one of our contemporaries in this city, ably seconding its efforts.

"There is in our country a mean and miserable spirit of imitation, that makes to descend from our own pure and liberal institutions and characteristics, to ape everything that is foreign. Slaves to foreign manners and fashions—we go further, and endeavor to ape foreign vices. So long as this folly consists merely in defacing or in making us ridiculous, we can laugh and goddesses of the servants and imitators of foreign fashion—may be laughed at or scorned. But the reproach is a more serious one. We permit the poisoned intellect from which these and unburdened other vices spring, to mingle with our own. We open the deadliest literature of France with infidelity and vice, into the heart of our country. The extent to which this self-pollution has taken place is fearful. The French morality with morality as well bread breeds regrets us; has seen, too, that the most popular of the popular ministers of the presidency of Paris poured in torrents upon our country to check the progress of free and true—some great teachers from whom our children should gather their principles! That letter and spirit in an especial favorite. For what? For scenes so more unclean and disgusting, that the shameless are not in not so hardened but that it must blush to peruse them; to be not so universally that give magnet to moral meanness, and throw the voluptuous light of sensual over vice crime, no sense in religion but steal away the faith that is priceless, and under the baneful influence of these novels.

Sold with 167
Facts from the dock and home's ruling place,
Pathos from the stage and from the senate,
Poetry in the rage and in the seat,
Drops for time fringed lids, and hairs from close,
And bringing the generous flow on Heaven.
Cross out, "Where to a"

LATER FROM MEXICO.

We have date from the city of Mexico to the 30th ult.—thirteen days later than the intelligence of last week. The news from Vera Cruz is to the 22d.

All the latter place it was the general impression that all difficulties between the United States and Mexico were on a fair way to be amicably settled. The arrival of the U S squadron had taken its departure.

La Voz del Pueblo (an opposition journal of the city of Mexico) furnishes the following extract of a part that negociations were likely to be resumed and that peace was about to be effected. It states that in secret session of the two chambers of Congress, the 14th of October, the Minister of Foreign Affairs communicated to them that the Council of the United States, resident at Mexico, had transmitted to him despatches from the Cabinet at Washington, stating that the terms of which was as follows:—That disposed to avoid hostilities between two republics which ought to be kindly united by sympathy and a thousand ties of interest, the Government of Washington was disposed to submit the affair of Texas to negociation, and that in order to arrive at a determination for the matter at once peaceable and honorable to both parties, it would send the Envoy Extraordinary should the Mexican Government be disposed to receive him. The Government of Mexico replied, that the relations between these countries being hostile, it could not receive the Envoy in a public character, but would admit him to the simple private bearer of the message of the President, on the condition that first of all, the U Government should withdraw its squadron from the waters of Vera Cruz. El Siglo of the 24th contains the report of the commissary appointed to receive such a dispatch that some one has obtained an expression of an opinion from the Mexican cabinet. It is not known whether the dispatch has been delivered to it, or by the Cabinet at Washington, or presented upon its own responsibility.

The navigation of the Indians in Departments of Durango Zacatecas and elsewhere were confirmed much their wonted success. In the engagement which have taken place between the savages and the people assembled to resist them, the former have been uniformly successful. At the last accounts the Indians were within four leagues of Fresnillo, four of the richest mining towns in Mexico, and in vicinity of the capital of Durango. On the 7th Durango four hundred Indians had penetrated in fifteen days in the very heart of the Department. More than five hundred persons had been killed. Hundreds of families and cattle been driven off and their ways marching within fifteen leagues of the capital, leaving waste and desolation and misery and ruin in their path.

Don Paredes, at San Luis Potosi, had detached from his forces a regiment of cavalry to the aid of the inhabitants, and it is supposed that the horrors of carnage and plunder would shortly be relieved.

D Ana San Bastada, the Governor of Tabasco, has address to the people of that State, dated the 20th September congratulates them upon the restoration of the empire of the laws and constitutional order. He says that the revolution has cost but 17 lives. This pacification was not effected without shedding a good deal of blood.

BURIED ALIVE.

Instances frequently occur of persons being buried alive notwithstanding that so much has been said on the subject. A new case of this kind has just occurred in the village of Ste. Apolline, Canada. Some fishermen were passing by a church with their nets, when they were startled by the noise of the rushing one of the deceased members Throughout by curiosity the lid of the coffin was removed, and the body was found turned over in the coffin, the corpse was found with its face downwards, and in the manner indicating a complete change in the position of the body. The nails of the hands of the hands could have reached the lining of the coffin was torn, and wound on a knot, and a considerable portion of the hair was pulled out by the roots. These circumstances together with the sudden and violent manner in which the supposed dead left the coffin, leave no room to doubt that the person recently deceased was interred in a state of suspended animation, or a fit, previous to his coming to the grave.

FRAUDS IN FLOUR.

Some of the Boston newspapers say that flour received, if it tend to lead to increase their guidance of the public, and to prevent the practice of fraud. A certain flouring establishment recently gone to ruin in the Franklin, at least fifteen years in operation, and during the whole time has had a high character for its flour. Only one day last week, a man came to the store and bought a barrel of flour, and on his return home found that it was not what he expected. He returned to the store, and complained to the proprietor, who, upon examination, found that the flour was not of the usual quality. It was accordingly taken back, and the man who sold it was discharged. The flour was then sold to another man, who, upon examination, found that it

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HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription money to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopses of the regulations under which money may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who pays it, stating the name of the payer, and the amount deposited. The receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who acknowledges the same to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master will then obtain the money in deposit; it is also to report the amount paid to him, with the name of the person to whom it is to be paid, to the Post Master empowered to pay the same, of which it is deposited. The Post Master through whom the same is to be paid is the Publisher.

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Received from *John Hancock*, ten dollars, for transmission to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent and charged myself with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.

Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same need we acknowledge great candor in the Legislature as to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia

Post Office, *Mellon, Pa. September 15, 1845.*

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Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulations, can remember the usual mode and forward (at our risk) in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *by Dorrance*, is on our table, in advance of all the other monthlies, and the publication seems to have commenced with a full determination never to rest content but to excel. The embellishments—and they are numerous—are of the highest character, and the reading matter is of the most interesting and instructive kind. The publication is to be issued under the editorial management of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, and the author of "Conquest and Self-Conquest." Both these ladies are favorably known to our readers, and are assisted by such writers as Mrs. Hentz, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Ellet, Miss Ashton, F. E. F., and others equally distinguished. A thrilling tale of the Revolution, from the pen of Mrs. Stephens, commences the first number, and at the moment, on our last page, simultaneously with the day of publication.

To those desirous of subscribing for a Magazine—and the present is indispensable evidence of taste—we need not state that, for an arrangement with Mr. Dorrance, we can offer the Ladies' National Magazine for $2 per an. and acknowledgment money—and copies of the Post and the Magazine for $3.00. Also for $4.00 we will send a Saturday Post, or, in place of it, the Ladies' National Magazine, to each of five persons, and, as the Post, in such a club, we will send 7 or more copies of the Magazine, to the fifth gentleman, and so on in like proportions. Everybody should have both a Magazine and Newspaper, and for twenty-six copies of the Magazine we will send a copy of the Post and a copy of the Magazine for $100.

We annex one or two notices from the press.

"LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—Mr. Peterson has given us one of the best numbers of his Magazine for December, which he has ever put out. Whether we regard the embellishments—fine—or the reading matter—which contributes the same degree of excellence is observable on the title page—the Magazine is entitled to a rank in the old new dress, and will be otherwise improved in every important particular, as the year progresses."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

"For two dollars, he is promising his subscribers such literary entertainment as they will find in no work. The above plate may be seized upon as promising the best of the fashion plates, and as being decidedly in advance of the best of the former plates of the magazine. The title page is beautiful."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

AN ORIGINAL AND PRACTICAL SYSTEM OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY, *by Miss Catharine E. Beecher, author of "Treatise on domestic economy," "Letters to the people on health and happiness," "Letters on the difference in the condition and duties of women, &c. &c. Illustrated by numerous engravings, neatly executed. In two volumes—containing twelve sets of books for imparting a general knowledge of the several branches of domestic economy, each progressive and systematic, both theoretical and practical, and calculated to form habits of order, neatness, and economy, and to secure the best methods of performing labor, both mental and physical. By the author of "Elements of Moral Philosophy," "Domestic Receipt Book," &c. &c. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff street. Philadelphia: Leonard & Ellis, 293 Market street.* This is the first book of the kind we have seen, and we should judge it to be a most valuable one. The plan is comprehensive yet clear. The style is plain and simple, and the whole work is one which should be in the hands of every female. Every mother must have had occasion to feel the want of such a book as this, and every daughter should be supplied with it, as a guide to her future duties. We commend it to the attention of our readers.

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LIBRARY OF MEMORY. *An Journal for systematic Study of Language, Literature, &c. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler.* This is a large and magnificently-bound Journal, with costly illustrations and articles from well-known writers. Next week we will notice it more at length.

MORSE'S GEOGRAPHICAL MAPS. No. 4. *New York and Upper Canada. Philadelphia: Leonhard & Ellis Street.* This number fully sustains the promise held out by its predecessors. Nothing can surpass the accuracy and beauty of the maps.

THEIAN OR VERSE. *A collection of Fugitive Poems. By Lewis J. Cist.* 1 vol. Cincinnati: *Robinson & James.* 1845. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.* We are glad to welcome an old friend, and occasional contributor, Lewis J. Cist, of Cincinnati, in the elegant volume of poems. The Queen City of the West has reason to be proud of her "sons and daughters of song." To say nothing of Gallagher, she can boast of Mrs. Nichols, Mr. Cist, and others, all writers of whom any city might boast. Mr. Cist is one of the brightest in this bright galaxy. His poems are easy, graceful, full of fancy, and replete with the true fire of poesy. "The Beaux Pah," in the volume before us, is one of the best fugitive poems ever written by an American: we published it, in this journal, a few months ago. "Wanda's Sphere," "To Our Heaven," "A Mother's Love," and numerous other poems might instance as fine specimens of Western genius. But the effusions of Mr. Cist are not all in this vein. Many, like "Love *a la* Americus," and "Bachelor Philosophy," are full of wit. We quote "The Quandary," as a playful and pleasing little fragment.

THE QUANDARY.

The bright black eye—the melting blue—
Of which shall I be caught?—*Hebrew.*

Now, by the little god of love,
In maidens' hearts who rears his throne,
I'd give my best *au effaire* over
Source of such plague, so to move ours!
Two charming girls I know, both fair,
And both so tender, loud and true,—
That, by the joys of love I swear,
I cannot choose between the two!

There's Mary, beauteous as the Loves,
And Anne, lovely as the Graces;
Both kind and sweet as turtle doves,
Both angel forms—with wrath faces.

Then Anne's serious; eyes are sober, lovely;
While Mary's laughing, arm are blue,
And thus, so equal their attack,
I'm overthrown between the two."

I tell either of them I love best;
The other I would gladly take;
Would either of them be my guest,
Her for the other I'd forsake
To give a either I'm so safe.

In truth I know not what to do,
Faith! I'd turn Turk, to have them both,
Or else "—[Some names for me!]

THE CHRISTIAN, *a Monthly Religious Periodical.*—We have received the Prospectus of a forthcoming Magazine, under the above title. The first of the work will be as the Prospectus says, "in press home on all people, the supreme claims of the Bible." Among other things $50—I know this cry received from *John Hancock*, ten dollars on account of Religious Intelligence, the great importance of acquainting ourselves for the salvation of Man and the diffusion of general Bible knowledge—the Magazine says that the Word of Life ought to be "a lamp to the destitute"—for the publishing, at stated periods, of Tracts for general circulation—Sermons of Living Ministers, Scientific and Moral nature, together with Revivals, Temperance, Missionary, General News and Intelligence, at such every thing calculated to edify and instruct, will find in its columns a warm supporter and friend.

The work will be issued in pamphlet form, to consist of 32 octavo pages with an envelope, and printed on good and durable paper, upon the first Wednesday of each month. Terms—One dollar per year, invariably in advance, to be paid upon the delivery of the first number. Charles *Henry Plummer, Publisher*, No. 102 Chestnut street.

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News.

In the manufacture and exportation of the Cotton States, there is a large employment of capital and labor. The amount of cotton manufactured in the United States is annually increasing. Every year it has been increased by the enterprise of the people, and by the extension of the cultivation.

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Selected Poetry.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

BY CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

He sits by the great high road all day,
The beggar blind and old,
The locks on his brow are thin and grey,
And his lips are thin and cold;
The life of the beggar is drear and worn,
His cheek is pale and his form is bent,
And he scantered rags are with scorn content
The censure of the rude and bold.

All day, by the road hath the beggar sat,
Weary and faint and dry,
In silence patiently holding his hat,
And bowing his aged eyes,
As with cruel jest and sneering grin,
At his hollow cheek and eye-ball dim,
The traveller tosseth a cent at him,
And presseth hastily by.

To himself, the blind old man doth hear
A song of his boyhood's day;
And his brow, white fingers idly cross
On his threadbare knee where they lay;
And oft, when the gay bob o'ish is heard,
The song of the youth-hearted rollicr bird,
The jar of life, and the traveller's word,
And the shout of children's play.

He starts and groans with a hurried hand,
The sip of his scanty store cease,
And he striketh it anew into the sand—
Then layeth it down—again!
With his little black sword, beautiful Spring,
That he keeper at his button-hole with a string,
Longs up, and his last gone, sing-a-ling! ling!
As he prays with impotent pain.

He sits by the great high road all day,
The beggar blind and old;
The locks on his brow are thin and grey,
And his lips are blue and cold;
Yet he murmureth never a word of hate,
But seeing the world by his inner sight,
He patiently sitteth his heart at light,
Till the sun of life shall be cold.

Revolutionary Story.

FROM THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR DEC.

THE LAND PIRATE.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

During the war of the Revolution, the district of country lying between the American lines on the Hudson and the British outposts above New York and called Westchester, was generally over-run and ravaged by a set of wretches, known as cow-boys, skinners and land pirates, who preyed at will on the wrings. A party of them long carried on their outrages unchecked in close vicinity of the British lines, under a most indefensible show of courage. We had once been a colonist of some estate, but having meandered of its rotuses living, had taken to lawless irregular life on the breaking out of the troubles.

Accounts of his atrocities had long before found their way to the American lines: and the evil of his name at length so great that it was determined, a party sent to extirpate his company. But this was found easier to contain than achieve. Keeping close to his secret haunts or moving with so touching celerity across the country, it was impossible to discover or overtake Harding, for that was the name this miscreant bore.

A young officer at length volunteered to entrap Harding's company as a spy, in order to obtain true information as would lead to his being entrapped. Lieutenant Vaughan knew that his life long as he lived, in such a difficult mission, for discovery would be instant death; but he was bold and full of resources, besides he had a personal interest in the destruction of the land pirates. His heart had long been in possession of Emily Headley, the only daughter of a wealthy farmer, who, though hitherto neutral, was suspected of a leaning towards the American cause, and the anxious heart of the lover began to fear that Harding, attracted by the wealth of the father or the beauty of the daughter, might wooer or later make Headley's farm the scene of one of his lawless raids; and

It was a dark and stormy night on which Vaughan alighted on a country lane, beside his way to a low farm-house on the Hudson, where the land pirates were known sometimes to harbor. With great difficulty, and not without exciting some suspicion, he was enrolled as one of their number, but his story was so well connected that all doubt, after a while, was removed, and the morning a comrade approached him.

"You are to accompany us, for the first time to night," he said. "The captain has sent word back by Headley, who you may have heard, lives on extensive farm, and is almost as well off as an English lord. They say, too, he has a pretty daughter, but of that I know nothing though, if he has I will venture to say the captain will not forget her."

Vaughan could scarcely conceal his agitation during these words. The blow which he had long feared was about to fall, and he neither had the time to warn his friends, nor the power to avert the catastrophe. What could he do? His first thought was to desert and hasten to Headley farm, but he knew he was watched closely, and that this could not be effected.

In a few minutes, however, Vaughan managed to steal away from his comrade and mustered all his resolution, for there were then at another low tavern, similar to the one where he had first visited the freebooters. The landlord was the same scene, the words in which she spoke surprised him.

"And so, Captain Harding is going to attack old Mr. Headley's house, to-night," she said, pertinaciously—"I can tell him it will come to no good. Mr. Headley has done him or the king no harm; for it's the daughter, and not the father, Harding's after. She refused him once when he was a gay lieutenant, and now he's determined to have her, or his enemy, the colonel.

At the confirmation of the worst fears, Vaughan's mind was involved in darkness once. He gasped and looked up. He saw that his indignation had betrayed him, and his eye quailed beneath her penetrating glance. But he was relieved by what followed.

"Lieutenant Vaughan," said the girl, bending down and speaking in a low voice, "I know you, though you have nothing to say. I was brought up near your father, and saw you many a time. Harding must not know you in your character of a land pirate, and now you may trust me implicitly. Do you know me now?"

The recognition was instant, but the pleasure derived from it was quickly damped by the fear he had now heard of Harding's love. Kitty, however, soon relieved him from this by saying that he, while the leader had designs in view of his confidential followers the evening before, his purpose in speaking thus was that if opposition should be had brooked up his ire rejection, and had now resolved to avenge himself by carrying off the daughter of the man who had caused his fall. Vaughan was cold at the narration. Fortunately Kitty was disposed to assist him, for her woman's nature was not yet so far debased that what she could feel for the poor Miss Headley.

"If I could contrive a timely messenger and a fast horse, we might succeed to the country," she at length said Vaughan. "A horse could then search for the farm-house."

"I should be impossible to send off a messenger while Harding is here," said Kitty, besides we have no one to go. I must myself, what can be done. There is a fast animal in the stable and I am a good rider; I will wait till you have set out, when the band assembles, and then I can get past and give timely warning—that is if a party of dragoons happens to be there, and will spare her who ride spur."

There was a declaration at the post when I left," said Vaughan. "Four hours there may be there yet for the rescue or the only chance out."

Their further conversation was here interrupted by the appearance of Harding himself, who eyed Vaughan suspiciously and ordered him gruffly to leave the room. Our hero could but obey. He trembled for the issue of his accomplices, however, as he went out and saw Kitty begin a beginning conversation with the lieutenant.

His own anxiety began from preparing for their ride, and Vaughan immediately occupied himself in saddling his horse. He had scarcely finished his task when Harding came out.

"I see you are ready," said he eyeing his person keenly—"I have come up to my time to join in the fun room. You will attend close on me lest the recruits are apt to be suspected, and I believe there to be especially suited. He accompanied these words with a significant smile, which left Vaughan had convinced that he had been betrayed.

It was not long before the party were on the ride, and the quick pace at which they advanced increased the fears of our hero that Kitty's scheme would be a failure, since, even if she passed him and succeeded in reaching the American outposts, rescue would come too late.

Imagine the feelings of Vaughan during that ride. The agony of being broken on the wheel was nothing to it! He was well aware of the inhuman policy of Harding, and knew that neither present supplications nor fears of future retribution would turn him aside from his fell purpose. Nor could Vaughan hope to succeed, single-handed, in any attempt to avert the doom of his betrothed. At times, from the peculiar look with which Harding regarded him, Vaughan was led to think that the refugee penetrated his designs and had brought him along to torture him by a sight of the ruin he had worked of Headley farm. A thought might only arise from natural suspicion of a new recruit. But could Kitty have been false? No—her truth was unmistakeable, or Vaughan knew nothing of physiognomy. But what if there were no dragoons at the post when she arrived! These thoughts agitated Vaughan continually.

"I will die to save her, and if needs be," he inwardly swore, "I will preserve her from profanation by murdering her with my own hand."

With these latter reflections Vaughan followed his commander's steps, and was now by the rear, and now prailed by hope. At length Headley farm broke on their sight. Our hero looked eagerly in the direction whence the dragoons, if coming, would appear, but none were in sight. It was just as evening closed, and all around were a calm and peaceful look. He turned, sick at heart, to gaze on the old homestead —and when Vaughan thought of the desolation which he had so long meditated, his excited feelings could scarcely be controlled. But he felt the necessity of dissimulation, it he would even attempt to save Emily.

"Forward—trot," said the voice of Harding at his moment, having returned from a reconnoissance of the building, which proved as he expected, wholly unprotected; then, as they reached the lawn before the house, he shouted, in a voice which last told the hundred of his approach, "halt!"

Instantly the men drew in their rein, while the hoary barring of doors was heard from the house. It was but the work of a moment, however, for the assailants to dismount, and before long the ball door had given way before an axe which one of the troopers carried; through not such a stout had been read from an upper window.

"Our mettle is beauty and booty," shouted Harding, as the door fell in. "Spare none, and avenge our fallen comrade." With these words he dashed into the entrance hall, followed by the apartment which Vaughan knew to be occupied by Emily.

The cross fire which he had breathlessly waited for now rose the attack began, had now come, and regardless of the peril, Vaughan sprang after his leader, determined to sell his life or frustrate Harding's design. Almost together they ascended the staircase. The moment was one of terrible interest. The hand of the ruffian was on the lock of Emily's chamber door, which, to the horror of Vaughan, was from Vaughan's approach—when our hero accosted if by a blow with his sabre, which could have severed Harding's hand, had he not caught the flash of steel and sprang back.

"Ha! a traitor!" he said, comprehending every thing at a glance, yet half astonished at the discovery, "then take that!" and he levelled a pistol at his hero, who saw if his life only by knocking up he weapon with his blade. In an instant the two united men had crossed blades. Harding furious at he discovery that he had harbored a spy, and Vaughan thirsting for his blood as the only chance to save Emily.

By this time the refugees were pouring up the staircase, and, for a moment, they paused in astonishment at the spectacle of this unexpected combat. But it was only for an instant. Recovering from their surprise, they threw themselves on Vaughan, who was therefore hard pressed by so many weapons. He expected nothing further now than immediate death, nor did he wish to live. Since he could not save Emily he feared to die. He would have fleered any one who would have put an end to his existence. "Oh! why did my good blade fail me!" he said. "Why could I not finish the miscreant!" To add to his distress, one of the servants who had been dragged into the hall, had recognized him and revealed his name.

"You are a lover, then, of this fair bird within-wife," said Harding, in a tone of taunt and sarcasm, and mad with the pain of the wounds he had received from Vaughan's sword. "then you shall witness how she shall be my bonsai are you for—"

Vaughan writhed in mental agony. Already he heard—or beheld his betrothed struggling in the foul arms of the ruffian. "For God's sake," he implored, "torture me—do what you will with me—but spare that lady!"

The villain answered by laying hold of the door knob but as he did this a bullet whistled in the air, and he fell, pierced by a pistol ball shot by an English lord. They say too, he has a pretty daughter, but of that I know nothing though, if he has I will venture to say the captain will not forget her."

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"I see you are ready," said he eyeing his person keenly—"I have come up to my time to join in the fun room. You will attend close on me lest the recruits are apt to be suspected, and I believe there to be especially suited. He accompanied these words with a significant smile, which left Vaughan had convinced that he had been betrayed.

It was not long before the party were on the ride, and the quick pace at which they advanced increased the fears of our hero that Kitty's scheme would be a failure, since, even if she passed him and succeeded in reaching the American outposts, rescue would come too late.

Imagine the feelings of Vaughan during that ride. The agony of being broken on the wheel was nothing to it! He was well aware of the inhuman policy of Harding, and knew that neither present supplications nor fears of future retribution would turn him aside from his fell purpose. Nor could Vaughan hope to succeed, single-handed, in any attempt to avert the doom of his betrothed. At times, from the peculiar look with which Harding regarded him, Vaughan was led to think that the refugee penetrated his designs and had brought him along to torture him by a sight of the ruin he had worked of Headley farm. A thought might only arise from natural suspicion of a new recruit. But could Kitty have been false? No—her truth was unmistakeable, or Vaughan knew nothing of physiognomy. But what if there were no dragoons at the post when she arrived! These thoughts agitated Vaughan continually.

"I will die to save her, and if needs be," he inwardly swore, "I will preserve her from profanation by murdering her with my own hand."

With these latter reflections Vaughan followed his commander's steps, and was now by the rear, and now prailed by hope. At length Headley farm broke on their sight. Our hero looked eagerly in the direction whence the dragoons, if coming, would appear, but none were in sight. It was just as evening closed, and all around were a calm and peaceful look. He turned, sick at heart, to gaze on the old homestead —and when Vaughan thought of the desolation which he had so long meditated, his excited feelings could scarcely be controlled. But he felt the necessity of dissimulation, if